

Divine D.I.V.A.

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Divine D.I.V.A.

by [MiaQc](#)

Summary

Diana, Iliana, Victoria and Alissa. They had to flee their home world and met in a space tavern.

With nothing better to do with their lives, they found a cheap spaceship and started their own mercenary group, the D.I.V.A.

I added "rape/non-con" in the warnings as a precaution, but there is no assault scene in this story, just a mention.

- A translation of [Divine D.I.V.A. \(VF\)](#) by [MiaQc](#)

Am I a child?

(Pov: Female Narrator)

Diana, a human from Old Earth, a trash world. A pretty redhead with blue eyes.

Iliana, one of Iliana the Great's many copies, the artificial planet Ixiana's queen. She looks like a living doll, with her big eyes. A doll with silver hair and gray eyes.

Victoria, a butterfly woman, and a Papizei fighter. She has jet black hair, one green eye and the other brown.

Alissa, an android with extraordinary skills, comes from Aruine, a ruined world. Although her body is artificial, she has brown hair and amber eyes.

They all have skin in different white tones. By a combination of circumstances, they had to flee their home world and they met in a space tavern.

With nothing better to do with their skin, they got themselves a cheap spaceship and founded their own group of mercenaries, the D.I.V.A. For the right amount of money, they can do anything... almost anything.

While traversing an asteroid field, their ship was hit by an unidentified object and a strange vibration caused them to lose consciousness. Even Alissa shut down.

When Diana— Sorry. It's "catchier" in the first person, isn't it?

(Pov: Diana)

When I come to, I quickly realize that something is wrong. I'm not in our ship anymore... and why are my hands so small? Have I shrunk? I look around me. Green grass. Blue sky. Sand in the distance. A park for children. *Okay. I'm not on the Old Earth. Could this be the New Earth?*

After humans turned the Earth into a garbage dump (damn pollution!), they explored space to find a new planet. They found one -

New Earth - but only the richest or most talented humans could live there. A matter of politics. (Damn politics!) Everyone else had to stay on the Old Earth, among the garbage.

Um... No. I don't think so. New Earth is supposed to have the most advanced technologies - according to humans - and it looks more like the Earth of old, before the pollution.

I go to the park to take a look and I am struck by the stupor of seeing my companions transformed. Iliana, once a woman, is now a little girl. Victoria has also become younger and her wings don't glow with their usual colors. Alissa was the one who changed the most because she had a human appearance in addition to being a kid. Yes, her robotic body was very similar to a human being, but it was easy to see her artificial eyes as well as her plug-in ports. Now Alissa is 100% flesh and blood.

I approach them.

"Girls! What happened to you?"

Victoria glares at me. Iliana looks at the ground and Alissa says something to me, but I don't understand her.

"Alissa? Don't you understand the human English language anymore? Wait..."

I then speak to her using the intergalactic language, a second language known to most people in the universe. No, it's not pure English, but a strange mixture of Latin, Chinese and English, with a little Japanese and Spanish. Alissa doesn't seem to understand me at first, then she answers me but in plain English.

"I understand, now, but you're asking me a very strange question. I haven't changed. I'm still the same little girl."

"No! You're not a child!"

"But I am. We are all children, just like you."

Am I a child? That would be why my hands are so small... but that's not normal.

"That's not right!" I retorted to Alissa. "Where are we?"

"In a park. That's obvious."

"Yes, but WHERE exactly?"

Alissa doesn't answer me.

"We were in our ship... do you remember?"

"A ship?"

"Victoria! Iliana! Get a grip!!! You are D.I.V.A.!"

Suddenly, Victoria widens her eyes and her wings glow intensely.

"Victoria?"

"Diana? Oh, that was awful!"

Her wings' brightness decreases and they recovered their former colors.

"I thought you were the enemy and... I was holding back from attacking you and— HEY! Why am I a kid?"

"I don't know. Haven't you noticed? I'm a kid, too."

"Yeah, I noticed."

Iliana lifts her head and she stares at me.

"Ah...a...h... D...Di...Dia...na..."

"Iliana!!!"

"Diana... sorry. I... I wasn't myself. I had... Regressed."

"'Regressed'? Like at the beginning of your creation?"

"Yes. I could barely speak and understand simple commands. It was horrible! I'm glad to be back."

Iliana looks at herself.

"Although my body is still Incomplete."

"Oh, it is complete, just younger!" I tell her.

"For you, maybe."

Iliana turns to Alissa.

"Alissa? Are you human?"

"Of course."

"No, no and no! You are a machine, an android. Would someone has messed up your program?"

"..."

"I'll force your emergency backup, then! RESTORE ALISSA BACKUP V52.6.1!"

Alissa's eyes seem to go blank, then they light up.

"Alissa? Do you know who I am?"

"Analysis in prog... Sorry. You seem to be a Regressed version of the D.I.V.A. known as Iliana. Is that correct?"

"Yes, but I'm not really Regressed. Look at Victoria and Diana."

Alissa looks at us, one after the other. By watching the movement of her eyes, I know she's analyzing us.

"Yes, you are Diana and Victoria of the D.I.V.A. but it seems that your bodies have been modi—"

She looks at her own hand.

"No. Not modified. These are not our bodies, but avatars."

"Avatars? So are we in a virtual prison?" I asked.

"Noooo, not again!" Iliana exclaims, angrily.

"There would have been the possibility of a 'dream,' but I don't dream." Said Alissa. "I simulate events during my recharges."

"But isn't simulating events like dreaming?" Victoria asks the android.

"No. Dreams are based on imagination, my simulations on reality, and I will never simulate myself as a human. Even though many people may consider me 'conscious', I know that I will always be a machine. To see myself as a flesh and blood being... is illogical."

"Then we are in a virtual prison." I say. "Who do you think did this to us?"

"Timothy... again." Said Iliana with disappointment in her voice.

"He's never going to leave us alone, that big asshole!" Victoria says, angrily. "We should kill him..."

"Let's focus on a way out of here first. Then we'll see about our dear Timothy." I say to the rest of the group. "Alissa?"

She has already made a green window appear thanks to her internal data. The window fills with various codes.

"I can change our avatars to match our real appearance. In other words, make us grow up, and make me look robotic. Otherwise, I can get you out of here."

As the D.I.V.A.'s leader, the decision is mine.

"Alissa. Get us out of here now."

"Got it."

The codes in the green window appear and disappear at a crazy speed. It seems that Alissa wants to overload the virtual reality system to free us, and then everything shuts down.

Dear Timothy.

(Pov: Diana)

I open my eyes and I see a glass panel. I am in a cabin used for the connection to virtual reality. I can feel the wires on my head. At least I wasn't wearing a virtual helmet. This technology is so old... I remove the wires, one by one, and get out of the cabin. *Well, Timothy is such an idiot. He didn't even tie me up and I'm still dressed! I was expecting to be naked... But still, I should check if...* I look around to make sure I don't have an explosive device on me. Some aliens put explosive bracelets on their prisoners, to prevent escape. I don't have one on me. My tight, dark green space suit has no tears. No trace of drug injection. *Good. Everything is fine. I have to find the others.*

I move stealthily through several corridors with blurred lights and then come upon Alissa. Although her body is that of a robot, she is dressed in a tight yellow jumpsuit with small holes for her plug-in ports. She has plugged herself into a wall terminal.

"I checked the ship's plans." She tells me. "I already had them in the 'TI-01' file."

"TI-01?"

"Timothy Ilarez."

"I didn't know he had a last name. This confirms that he was the one who captured us... but how did he do it?"

"This is what I just found in a file. An unidentified object hit our ship... it's a container. A capsule carrying a device that creates vibrations that can affect the brain. The rest is a mixture of chemical formulas and statistics."

"So, a device that can make us pass out? That's nothing extraordinary. Victoria does have a magical attack that makes people sleep!"

"This is true but it doesn't explain why I deactivated."

I ask Alissa if she has an error diagnosis.

"No. I am a backup. Alissa V52.6.1. My last 'memories' were last week."

"You should do backups by the day, or better yet, by the hour!"

"I don't think I have enough resources for that, unless you know where to get me a supercomputer."

Alissa continues to go through the terminal data, then tells me that she has located Victoria and Iliana.

"Victoria is in the medical infirmary. I think she's trying to steal some medicine."

"Her idea of revenge against Timothey, I presume."

"Iliana is in a cabin used as a bedroom. Timothey is with her."

"Then we need to get to them and fast! Let's go through the medical infirmary to get Victoria and—"

Alissa disconnects from the wall terminal and she motions for me to follow her. We go to the infirmary and see Victoria, trying to open an armored cabinet with a weakened version of her magical attacks. She is wearing, like Alissa and me, a tight-fitting jumpsuit, but it is red in color and she has a hole in the back for her wings.

"Victoria." Says Alissa.

"Oh, there you are. Can you help me open this cabinet? I want to teach this prick a lesson!"

"By stealing his meds?" I asked Victoria. "Are you serious?"

"Of course I—"

"We don't have time!" I say, interrupting her. "Iliana IS with Timothey. Who knows what he'll do to her?"

"SHIT! Where are they?"

Alissa shows us the way and we arrive in front of the cabin door. We hear the voices of Iliana and Timothey. They are in the middle of an argument. Victoria concentrates her magic in her hands.

"Wait!" I exclaimed.

"TINY STYLISH ACOUSTIC BOMBS!!!"

Small bombs, covered with shiny powder, appear and they stick to the

door. While creating sound waves, they explode, leaving a hole instead of the door. I expected Victoria to use her BIG acoustic bombs. That's why I tried to stop her. An explosion of her big bombs could have seriously injured us, or worse, killed us.

We enter the cabin and silence reigns. Iliana has her back against a wall. Her blue skin-tight suit has tears in it. Timothee, an alien with greenish skin and red hair, is close to her. Too close for my taste.

"Tim—" I say before being cut off by Victoria.

"Timothei!!! Get away from Iliana right now!"

"How many times do I have to tell you, Vic? My name is Timothee."

"I DON'T CARE! GET AWAY OR—"

She is preparing another of her magical attacks.

"All right, all right. You don't have to get upset, Vic."

Timothee moves away from Iliana and Victoria cancels her attack. I ask her if she is okay.

"Yes. My jumpsuit is torn because I struggled so much trying to get away. I was... tied up."

"Okay. Now, Timothei, here's what's going to happen." Victoria says. "Diana, Alissa and Iliana are going to go back to our ship. I'm going to keep an eye on you, so you don't do anything stupid, then I'm going to go join them and we're going to leave. Do you dig?"

"But—"

"THERE'S NO BUT, YOU ASSHOLE! Diana, can I kill him?"

Iliana yells "no" at her.

"No. No? That bastard is never, EVER going to leave us alone! He's after you all the time!"

"I—"

"Yes, he loves you, but you—"

"I don't—"

"You don't love him. You hate him."

"You lying bitch!" Timothy retorted.

"I don't hate him, but I don't love— I don't love you, Timothy. When will you finally understand, unlike your original? He never understood his mistakes."

"NO! You're not going to start this stupid clone story again!"

"This isn't a story! It's true. You ARE a clone, just like me! It's his fault that Iliana the Great's kingdom exists."

Timothy screams with rage and I feel that Victoria will explode with anger.

"ENOUGH! He's never going to understand then, Diana, let me kill him!"

"Victoria, NO!" Iliana exclaims.

"Diana?" Alissa asks, expecting me to answer.

"I forbid you!" I say. "Just watch him while we go back to our ship. This was your idea, right?"

Victoria gives me a fiery look and I feel like my stomach is cramping. For intimidation, she's the best of us. Guided by Alissa, Iliana and I head back to our spaceship.

After checking if we have enough energy for a long trip and if our weapons are still there, we sit down at the command bridge and wait for Victoria.

"I hope she doesn't do it." Said Iliana.

"Kill Timothy? Victoria would never disobey an order from Diana. She's our Captain, in a way." Said Alissa.

"Captain, me? No, no, no." I say. "I didn't even study at the Space Academy Xor... Xior... Xiordikan?"

"Xiordikankyriion." Alissa replies.

"Who chose that name?" I asked. "It's unpronounceable!"

Iliana laughs before speaking.

"This is where the greatest Captains in the galaxy are trained."

"Not just Captains." Alissa adds. "Doctors, Engineers, Officers... and the Xiordikankyrion Space Academy is known throughout the universe."

"Not on Old Earth, anyway." I say to the others.

We hear a rustle of wings.

"Not on Papizei either."

"Victoria!" Says Iliana.

"Okay. My data is wrong." Says Alissa. "The Xiordikankyrion Space Academy is known almost everywhere."

"Victoria, about—"

"About that big prick? Don't worry, Iliana, he's alive. I don't understand why you care so much about his life."

"All right, let's go!" I say.

Our ship lifts off from the docking bay of Timothee's ship and moves away. As we are, once again, far out in space, Victoria asks me if we could stop at the De Cherry Market.

"There are discounts on canned pâtés! Come on, please!!!"

I will never understand why Victoria is so fond of these pâtés. They taste like water and rancid.

"Fine."

Iliana sighs and Alissa goes to plug into her charging station.

Jenima's deal.

(Pov: Victoria)

One week later... Diana and Iliana are eating seafood in a restaurant. Alissa, unable to eat food, watches them. As for me, I receive an unexpected call.

A playful, pink face appears in my Comtalk, a round electronic compact. It isn't used to make me look pretty, but to communicate with others over great distances. In short, a portable communication radio. Diana and Iliana also have one. Alissa doesn't need one, because she can connect to communication networks and without wires.

"♪ Greetings ♪, O divine D.I.V.A. Victoria!"

"Jenima."

I sigh. Jenima, from the planet Pinkgli, is a television host known in most galaxies. Her talk show is in the Top 10 and she's aiming to become Number 1.

"What do you want?"

Since I saved her life, or rather hid her from a clingy paparazzi, Jenima has put me on her "friends list" aka the gossip girls and she sometimes contacts me to talk about celebrity gossip. I don't care about celebrities, so I pretend to be nice to her. I'd like to blow her off sometime, but Diana won't let me.

"To alienate a celebrity like Jenima would destroy our reputation in no time!"

So I continue to "befriend" her, although her singing habit gets on my nerves.

"Is it for a job? Do you need our services?"

"♪ Yessss. ♪ My talk show needs a killer interview for the Miss TV Fabulous!"

"The what?"

"Come on! ♪ The Miss TV Fabulous! ♪ It's a contest for female TV hosts."

"...Oh."

"Oh? Is that ALL you can think to say?! I have NEVER been able to win Miss TV Fabulous, ♪ but this year, I— ♪!!!"

"Good luck then."

I am about to close my Comtalk but Alissa stares at me with her artificial eyes.

"♪ Wait, wait! ♪ I NEED you! The D.I.V.A.!!!"

"For an interview?"

"♪ Yes! ♪ I MUST win Miss TV Fabulous this year!!!"

"We are space mercenaries. Crew or cargo escort? No problem. A rescue mission? I'm always up for that! Repairing machinery? Alissa can do that. Finding rare treasures in a big garbage heap? Diana is an expert."

Diana stops eating and gives me a dark look.

"What? That's true, Diana is a pro! Haggling or mediating? Iliana can handle that. But an interview... Honestly, Jenima, are you mocking me?"

"♪ Nooooo ♪! Never! Victo—"

"No and no, we're not going to do an interview for—"

"You're mercenaries, so this is going to be a real job with very good pay."

"I just said—"

"As you know, I'm rich, insanely rich. How about... a new spaceship?"

Iliana stops eating as well. My companions all look at me intensely.

"A spaceship? Would you give us a spaceship, brand-new we understand, for a simple interview?"

"I'm willing to give anything for this interview. Anything."

I have never heard Jenima so serious. Besides, she doesn't sing anymore.

"So, divine D.I.V.A. Victoria, do we have a deal?"

I always feel the pressure from my companions. Logic would dictate that I accept - a new spaceship! - but I hesitate. Finally, I accept the interview with Jenima. She thanks me a thousand times, before giving me the coordinates of the TV station where the interview will take place.

"It's in three days, so be there ♪ on time ♪."

Her face disappears from my Comtalk and I close it.

"Wow!" Iliana exclaims. "We're going to have a brand-new ship!"

"That's great!" Says Diana.

"Victoria? I detect an increase in your heart rate and the creases on your face seem to express anger." Says Alissa.

"I am angry!" I replied.

"Why?" Diana asks. "A new ship—"

"You haven't thought about the consequences, have you? An interview... what kind of questions do you think Jenima will ask us?"

"Uh... well... our favorite colors?"

"No, no, NO! Personal questions. Questions about our past!"

Iliana is startled.

"Do you really think so?" Alissa asks me.

"Of course. It's for Miss TV Fabulous, after all. Jenima has to put on a great show!"

Diana wants to reply but I cut her off.

"It's too late to back out. Let's go and get it over with."

Diana, morose, goes to pay for the seafood, then we leave the restaurant for our spaceship.

Before the interview.

(Pov: Alissa)

While our spaceship is on its way to the TV station, I am standing in front of my charging station but I am not plugged in. Although my eyes are open, everything is black in front of me, then codes, my codes, pass quickly from left to right.

I'm looking for something. My old data. I can't find it, so I enter keywords: "Aruine, cmk-47i, nil, origins". Nothing. The keywords aren't precise enough or the program included with this body can't make a connection. Thus I try something else. "cmk-47i file". An information sheet appears about the CMK-47i robot. A good start, but not what I want to find. "Origins data", maybe? Data is loading into my brain at high speed and I have to delete it by deactivating myself to avoid exploding.

When my reactivation is complete, I see Iliana. I detect concern in her body language.

"Is everything okay? You were de... well not dead but..."

"Deactivated."

"That's it."

"I overloaded myself with data. It wasn't meant to happen."

"Overloaded with data? Do you need any information?"

"Yes. This is for the interview. If I'm going to talk about the robot I was, I want to give accurate and precise information. So I need to find my old data."

"Alissa."

"Don't worry. I'm not going to destroy myself with my research."

"It's not that. To find the past, sometimes you have to take a different approach. You search your data like a computer, right?"

"Yes, with files and keywords."

"Normal since you are a machine but... what if you try the human

approach?"

"I'm not—"

"Yes, I know you don't consider yourself an android with a human consciousness. I've seen them, androids with very human behaviors, but I know you have one thing they don't."

"What is that thing?"

"You can feel...things. Emotions?"

"It's—"

"No denial with me! Try the human approach to your data search. Don't enter keywords, but what you want, what you feel."

Iliana's words are illogical but what have I got to lose? I make the black reappear in front of my optical field and I enter "I want to remember my origins". No result. "I want to see CMK-47i." Nothing. "I want to see...see Nil again." Something is going on. "I want to see his navy-blue eyes again, his gray coat..." Data starts coming in. "I want to hear our interactions again," "I want to see myself again, in my old form," "I want to remember... CMK-47i." My old data. They are all there. I recover my optical field and I thank Iliana.

"The human approach... It works."

"I'm glad I could help."

"Is everything going to be okay with you? The interview—"

"Yes, yes, I... I can do it."

(Pov: Iliana)

When Diana tells us that we have arrived at the TV station, I quickly look in a small mirror. I'm not vain, but I want to look presentable. This interview... I'm not afraid to talk about my past. Diana, Victoria and Alissa know a lot of it. What scares me is if SHE sees me. Iliana the Great. Timothee too. *I know! I'm going to change my hair color!* I pinch the tips of my hair and—

"Iliana?" Says Diana's voice in the distance.

"AH, coming!"

I join Diana and we all disembark from the ship. We are greeted by a lady all in pink. Her skin, her hair, her dress... She seems to shine, as if her hair and her outfit were covered with glitter.

"Jenima."

"Victoria! I am ♪ SO glad ♪ to see you."

"Shall I make the introductions? Diana."

"Hello."

"Iliana."

"H-Hi."

"Alissa."

"Hello, Mrs. Rosehaney."

"Rosehaney? I haven't heard that name ♪ in ages ♪."

"That's your last name, I presume." Says Diana.

"No, that's my name, plain and simple. 'Jenima' is ♪ my star name ♪. Come, come, your glory hours are waiting!"

"Our hours? The interview lasts several hours?" Victoria asks.

"Yes. For the Miss TV Fabulous, ♪ I'm going to put my all into it ♪! Together we're going to break the galactic record for longest interview!"

"What?!" I said surprised.

"The galactic record for longest interview is..." Alissa says. "Research in prog... Sorry. 32 hours."

"32 HOURS? So how long—?" Wants to ask Diana before being interrupted by Jenima.

"♪ 35 hours. ♪ A 35-hour interview, where you will be free to talk about anything, as long as it's true!"

I hear Diana sigh softly. *35 hours. What are we going to say for 35*

hours? We follow Jenima to the shooting set. The set is fabulous. Lights of all colors, a long wooden table, crystal glasses... everything is luxurious. However, I don't understand why the walls are pink.

Jenima sits us down at the table and I see her cameramen getting ready. All Pinkgli residents. Men all in pink.

"She could have used drones as cameras or even androids." Alissa comments. "Our eyes are excellent for filming."

Although Alissa whispered her words, I have the distinct impression that Jenima heard her.

"Here we go! ♪ 3, 2, 1, let the interview of the century begin! ♪"

The interview with Jenima.

(Pov: Diana)

Jenima begins the interview by giving it her all. Her glitter seems to sparkle and her voice is both soft and sensual. The colored lights flash and shine, making us feel like we're in a nightclub, and our glasses automatically fill up with a clear liquid.

"♪ Welcome ♪ man, woman, and everything in between to Jenima's! In honor of this year's Miss TV Fabulous, I am honored to offer you the most amazing interview ♪ of your life ♪! 35 hours, minimal commercial breaks and... ♪ The Divine D.I.V.A. ♪!!!"

The colored lights return to normal and Jenima goes to sit at the table next to us.

"So, for starters, these beautiful ladies are not singers, but ♪ VERY ♪ famous mercenaries."

"We're not that much fam—" Victoria begins to say before I cut her off.

"We aren't that well known. We've only been around for two years."

"And I bet you've been through many ♪ journeys ♪ in those two years!"

"Absolutely." Says Alissa. "Like the time when we—"

"Wouldn't it be better to introduce ourselves?" I asked. "After all, we're not known EVERYWHERE either."

"♪ Of course. ♪ Who wants to start?"

I plan to start, after all I am the leader, but Alissa is faster than me.

"I am Alissa from Aruine. As this body is not my original one, I have no serial number and I am not registered in the large database of robots and androids. Therefore, according to the law, I should be taken out of service—"

"ALISSA!" Iliana yells, thinking the worst.

"But I don't wish to be sent to a landfill until I have completed my new functions."

"And what are these functions?" Jenima asks her.

Jenima doesn't sing anymore. She must be serious and very attentive to Alissa.

"To help, to protect, to offer my data to members of the group known as D.I.V.A. until the day they no longer need me."

We remain silent for a good three minutes, then Victoria speaks up.

"Come on, Alissa, we will ALWAYS need you! I am Victoria of Papizei. It's inconceivable, but I'm a fighter, a warrior. An exclusively male role. I also possess the offensive magic of the males of my species."

I sense that she is telling all this reluctantly. This interview is going to make us say things that we would like to keep secret.

"This is fascinating!" Says Jenima. "And you?"

"Me? I... I'm Iliana, from Ireo— no, from Ixiana. Uh..."

I have to help her.

"It's okay, Iliana, you can say it."

"I am a clone. Of Ireonix's Iliana. It's... uh... a long story."

"And I am Diana, D.I.V.A.'s leader. I am from Old Earth."

"The Old Earth? Isn't the dump—"

"Yes, it's a trash world. I don't like to talk about it too much."

"I see. Now that the introductions are done, a short commercial break!"

During the break, Jenima congratulates us.

"It was excellent, ♪ excellent ♪ but—"

"Jenima. We have good reasons for not wanting to tell our lives." Says Victoria. "Do you realize that we may be putting ourselves in mortal danger?"

"In mortal danger? Do you have THAT many enemies?"

"Enemies?" Questions Alissa.

"We don't have any..." said Iliana, "I mean, I don't think many people hate us enough to want to kill us, but—"

"We are mercenaries, not stars." I say. "People don't have to know everything about us."

"But... the Miss TV Fabulous? The 35 hours? Victoria, you agreed to this interview!"

"Yes and we're here, but—"

"I don't think you realize how lucky you are. You're on TV, on MY talk show, seen by billions all over the universe. You have a once-in-a-lifetime chance to get clients, by making yourself known!"

"But—" I begin to say before Jenima speaks.

"And, in the world of show business, it's easy to get even."

"Get even?" Iliana asks.

Iliana makes a funny face. I don't like it.

"Yes. You can tell how this person hurt you, how you experienced injustices, how difficult your lives were, and you will get support EVERYWHERE! I know there are hitmen among my fans... they won't hesitate to avenge you!"

Jenima laughs and Victoria have a funny face too. Her different colors eyes seem to glow with mischief. I REALLY don't like that.

"From that angle, it's not SO bad."

"V-V-Victoria?" I asked nervously.

"After all, if some snoop or other person wants to dig up our past, nothing is going to stop them from finding it."

"Timothey and Iliana the Great. They will pay for everything."

"Iliana! Don't tell me you're going to—"

"All right!" Says Victoria. "Let the cameras roll!"

"When this interview is over, our past will be known to all!" Adds Iliana.

I'm screaming in my head. I can't believe I have to tell my life story. I ask Alissa for help. After all, she's never going to agree to talk about herself.

"Alissa, help me plea—"

"Before we talk about that, it would be better to continue the interview on simpler topics, to prepare the audience."

"Great idea!" Says Jenima.

Nope. I let out a long sigh. I'm at an impasse and I have no choice.

"All right, all right. You win, Jenima, I'll talk about my life."

Thinking it's alcohol, I drain my glass in one gulp. After all, it's going to be less worse if I'm a little drunk.

"Huh? Water?"

"♪ Yesss. ♪ I would have put wine in, but no one should get drunk for the ♪ Miss TV Fabulous ♪."

I sigh again and the interview resumes.

"♪ Here we go again! To Jenima's!!! ♪ After the introduction of our beloved D.I.V.A.'s, let's get to the popular questions. It's quite simple. I ask you questions—"

"And we answer! Easy!"

Victoria seems to be enjoying herself, the opposite of her behavior at the interview's beginning.

"Absolutely. So, to start, what is your favorite food?"

"I only consume energy, but I prefer the energy from the cores." Alissa replies. "Unlike electrical energy, it's more powerful and keeps me going longer. On the other hand, it's dangerous to consume. If I take too much, I explode. If I don't take enough, my circuits will melt."

"WHAT?!" I exclaimed. "I didn't know about this!"

"What can I say? I like to 'play with fire'."

"Wow! Can you use other types of energy? Like thermal or solar energy."

"No. My body only takes energy's 'currents,' so it would be thermal and solar energy converted to electricity."

"That's ♪ VERY ♪ interesting! Do you advise other androids to charge at the cores like you do?"

"No. The risk is too great and, according to android maintenance regulations, it is illegal manipulation, so—"

"Goodbye, repair guarantees!" Says Victoria. "I love the canned pâtés from De Cherry Market. I could eat them for a week without getting tired. Otherwise, I like the bug dishes. Oh, and honey."

"Well. De Cherry Market, you say?" (Nice commercial, isn't it?) What about you, Diana? Your favorite food?"

"Well... since I come from a garbage world, I got used to eating anything. Survival, you know. I still remember mud stew. It was mud with potatoes often rotten and meat... of questionable origin. I once wondered if it was human flesh."

"Oh my!"

"I used to curse it, that mud stew, but it kept me alive. Now I eat everything, but I haven't found a favorite dish. So my favorite food is that damn mud stew!"

"Me, I... sorry." Says Iliana. "I've always been a bit shy... with cameras and all... yet I've spent my life being watched by cameras. I should have gotten used to it by now. Anyway, my favorite food is..."

"What is it?" Jenima asks.

"Although I have discovered many other dishes, the only food I can truly 'adore' is The Porridge."

"The porridge that all Iliana, except Iliana the Great, must eat?" Alissa asks.

"Yes. It's hard to explain but my brain is 'wired,' programmed to like this porridge even though it tastes like excrement."

"Ouch!" Exclaims our host. "Poop as a meal?"

"No. It wasn't REAL poop, but the taste... sometimes we could put a sauce on it. That helped. The sauce was also weird. Sometimes it was red. It reminded me of blood. Otherwise it was white, like genetic

fluid."

"The genetic fluid?" I asked Iliana.

"I was born in that fluid... but I'm sure our host, Jenima, has more questions for us."

"♪ Of course! ♪ "

Jenima asks us about politics - yuck! -, our religious beliefs - I don't believe in a deity, I believe in myself -, our sexual orientation - I'm straight, Victoria is too, Iliana is a lesbian and Alissa has no defined sexuality -, if we have a special person in our lives - a collective "no" -, and how we see ourselves in the future - still in our space mercenary group -.

"♪ Now that's some interesting stuff! ♪ Now, this question, the last of the popular ones, is rather peculiar. Uh... I don't mean to offend you... but don't you think your group, the D.I.V.A., isn't diverse enough?"

"Diverse"? Oh, it's that skin color thing." I say in a bored tone.

"Y...Yes. You're all white-skinned, and in our galactic society, where peoples must learn to socialize and respect each other, the idea of a homogeneous group is... uh... well... racist."

"WHAT?!" Shouts an angry Victoria.

"Not for me!" Jenima replies. "But for many people."

"It's RI-DI-CU-LOUS! Our skin is white, so what?!" Says Victoria, ready to argue. "We have Diana, who has GROWN UP among the garbage! Alissa, who is a one-of-a-kind machine! Iliana, who is a clone of a... uh, doll... doll woman?"

"Doll woman." Says Iliana.

"And I, Victoria, the fighter, the butterfly woman! Our group, not diverse and racist? Nonsense!"

"♪ There you go, my dear viewers, those were the popular questions! ♪ As we return from this short commercial break, let's get down to business. Exclusively at Jenima's, the D.I.V.A. are going to tell you about their past, their lives! ♪ So don't change the channel. ♪"

During the other commercial break, Jenima is frantic.

"I feel like I'm going to ♪ pass out ♪. Thanks to you, I'm sure I'll win Miss TV Fabulous!"

"Uh... how long has it been—?" I asked.

"3 hours." Said Alissa, interrupting me.

"What, just 3 hours?!" Victoria exclaims.

"32 hours left." Adds Iliana.

"Good. That's eight hours each." I say. "We can do this!"

"I don't think I have enough energy to last 32 hours." Says Alissa.

"Why don't you go recharge while another one of us tells her story?" Asks Victoria.

"No, no, everyone must be present." Says Jenima. "Is a quick charge possible?"

"Yes, if I charge every two hours, for five minutes, from a core. There are portable ones."

"Perfect. Five-minute commercial breaks every two hours. ♪ Let's resume. ♪ "

The interview resumes and it's time to tell our lives.

Diana's past.

(Pov: Diana)

"Hello everyone! I'm Diana, I'm 21 years old and, for the next 8 hours, I'm going to tell you... a big summary of my past."

I was born on the Old Earth, formerly called Earth. Because humans polluted it too much, it was no longer habitable. At least, according to the "experts". Thus humans explored space to find a new planet. They found one - they named it New Earth - but only the richest or most talented humans can live there.

A matter of politics. I HATE politics! Anyway, all the other humans had to stay on Old Earth, among the garbage, and I was one of them. I spent my life among the garbage, eating mud stew, worms, and anything else that could be eaten to survive. I didn't have the name Diana at the time. My name was Dahlia. It's supposed to be a flower, but I never saw one.

I was also a blonde, not a red-head, and I had a special talent. Oh, I still have it, and I don't really like to talk about it, but... I was good at picking up cool stuff from the trash. A scavenger if you will. This stuff was valuable so I could trade it for fabric to make clothes or for a double mud stew's ration.

Yes, the mud stew is rationed. Humans on Old Earth live in misery, while those on New Earth know only luxury. Sometimes, when I saw a spaceship passing in the sky, I dreamed of leaving my planet, exploring space and having a better life.

During my teenage years, there was this redheaded boy. It's been so long, I can't remember his name. Let's call him Luc. Luc found me to his liking and tried to date me. I didn't want anything to do with him, but he insisted on being my friend. He told me that our combined talents would allow us to go into space.

It was when I was 17 that I understood the meaning of his words. He had found a broken spaceship and had been trying to repair it for years. With my scavenging skills, I was able to find the parts he needed from the trash. So we worked together and the ship was repaired.

On my 19th birthday, I was ready to go with him, but he was killed by

soldiers. You see, the New Earth's humans have deployed a military force on the Old Earth. They want to control our people to prevent other humans from going to their planet. Thus I fled, alone.

I didn't know how to fly at the time, but the ship had an automatic pilot. It took me to the planet Rika'aria, where the space tavern The Dolphin is located. That's where I met Iliana, Victoria and Alissa. This is where the D.I.V.A. was born.

Alissa flew our ship at first, but I quickly learned to fly in space. The change in my hair color was before I met the future D.I.V.A. A shady looking alien gave me a "magic" cream. Perfect for changing your life, he said. I put it in my blond hair and it turned red. I like being a ginger so I never tried to turn my hair yellow again.

Quickly, we had the idea of having a "uniform" for our group and we all opted for a skinny jumpsuit. It's easy to maintain, sexy, and inexpensive to repair.

Iliana's past.

(Pov: Iliana)

"Hello! I am Iliana aka Ixiana's IX-501-R. Although I have the appearance and intellect of a woman in her twenties, I am only 7 years old."

Before talking about me, it is important to go back to the source. The original Iliana from the planet Ireonix. The Ireonix, these people of humanoids, "living dolls," have the power to read souls and their minds are linked together, like a spider's web threads. Iliana had a powerful connection with her fellow humanoids, which allowed her to access the knowledge of all.

Although the Ireonix never wanted to leave their planet and explore space, Iliana wanted to expand her horizons, to discover other peoples, so she built a spaceship and left. The other Ireonix, learning what Iliana had done, banished her by cutting off their connection to her. If she ever returned to Ireonix, she would be put to death.

Iliana, alone, wandered in space, until she was captured by... him. Timothy Ilarez. Timothy has a double life. On the one hand, he's a merchant and art collector. On the other, he deals with space pirates and "collects" women for his harem. Yes, he has a harem.

Anyway, Timothy fell under Iliana's spell. So much so that he exterminated his harem to have only one wife, her. But Iliana didn't love him. She was afraid of him. She found his soul "too dark, too destructive." She rejected his seduction attempts. Timothy, tired of letting "a simple woman" decide his desires, forced her into his bed.

Iliana's soul, once so pure and bright, became black and dull. She mumbled, all day long, that she was still "useful". Timothy, seeing that he was losing her, tried to brainwash her into forgetting her aggression. His attempt killed her. His machine overheated Iliana's brain, turning her pretty face into horror.

Timothy, sinking into a second state, a kind of mad love, then took her DNA and cloned her. He thought he could start over, but the clone also has Iliana's tainted soul, and that drove her mad. She ordered Timothy to find a planet for her to live on. He created Ixiana for her. She ordered him to build her cloning machines on that same planet. He did so.

This Iliana, Iliana the Great, cloned herself by the dozens, creating a kingdom. She became their queen. Timothy feared that Iliana the Great would try to conquer other planets, but she had no interest in "other people". All she cared about was being adored and worshipped by people who would never harm her and SHE would never harm herself.

So, the Ixiana kingdom exists and prospers, but Timothy regretted his action. He wanted to forget everything, to start over, so he killed himself, but before he did, he created a clone. A clone with the memory of having captured Iliana, but not of raped her nor cloned her. A clone that knows nothing about Ixiana and Iliana the Great. The Timothy alive today is that clone and he is still in denial. Yet, with advanced DNA testing, it is easy to know if one is a clone or not.

Now that everything is explained, let's get back to me. I was born as IX-501-R. The IX is my series, the 501 is for the 5th batch in sector 01 and the R and for Regression.

Regression is the status given to a clone with severe developmental problems. For them, being a child, or having the intelligence of a child, is a Regression.

At my creation's very beginning, I could barely speak and understand simple commands. It was awful! The researchers working with me almost changed my status to D. D = Defective = Death. Fortunately for me, AL-202-C, a researcher with a big heart and maternal instincts, took me in.

"C" stands for Complete. A perfect clone. With her, I was able to develop, and after 3 years, I was able to live among the other clones. I spent the next 2 years of my life serving Iliana the Great by doing my duties. Different tasks, depending on the day, but, while I was sleeping, I had strange dreams.

I saw another Iliana. It wasn't Iliana the Great. A being with greenish skin was hurting her. Her soul was turning black. Iliana the Great had taken her place. The greenish-skinned being was killing itself after cloning itself. I then understood that our queen, Iliana the Great, had lied to us. She said she was the original Iliana, the very first Iliana, but it wasn't true. She was a clone, like us, and she was crazy. Those dreams were my "connection" with the original Iliana and Iliana the Great. A soul connection that the other clones don't have.

The Iliana researchers said that we were all connected by our queen's

"genetic memory," but that was never the case for me. I was always separate from the others. I wanted to tell the truth to the other Iliana but they tried to execute me for "betraying the queen".

AL-202-C saved my life and she put me in a small ship pre-programmed to go to the planet Rika'aria. I never knew why she did this. Her disobedience would cost her her life. She just told me "to live." When I arrived on Rika'aria, I was wandering around and then I saw the shiny letters of The Dolphin. I walked in and met my future Life Companions. The D.I.V.A. I thought I would hide from them that I was a clone, but they found out pretty quickly.

Timothey Ilarez, the clone, has already taken me prisoner several times and Diana, Victoria and Alissa have also had to endure his presence. In fact, we escaped from his spaceship not too long ago. Victoria would like him to die. I'm hesitant. What his original did to Iliana of Ireonix is unforgivable, but without him... without him I wouldn't exist.

Although I am a lesbian - all of Iliana the Great's clones are - I don't know if the original Iliana and the queen are too, or if they are straight or pansexual.

Victoria's past.

(Pov: Victoria)

"Hello! I am Victoria from Papizei. I am 28 years old."

I was not born with the name Victoria. The Papizein language is quite different from the intergalactic language. If I attempt a translation, the closest name would be "Vaniesse".

The Papizein are conquerors by nature. Many planets have fallen into their hands. The Papizein are also sexist. Males can do anything. They have magical powers. Females make children and that's it. They have no magic. My birth was a shock because, according to the birth attendant, I had male "marks" on my body. The "marks" are like birthmarks, but they go away with puberty. They allow us to identify the child's sex.

I was a baby girl, but with boy's marks. My father wanted to kill me on the spot, my mother wanted me to live. In the end, I was allowed to live, but I was an outcast. Everyone acted like I was invisible or "dead". My mother barely spoke to me. I soon became as mature as an adult. Strong. Independent. For my survival.

One day, during my adolescence, a male with brown eyes came to talk to me. Harizoi. Our army's one important member's son. A Papizein with excellent control over his magic, but with one weakness. He was too kind. He hated our conquests and his dream was to run away from Papizei with a green-eyed wife. I realized he was talking about me.

Harizoi wanted to marry me. I turned down his proposal but he wanted my friendship. I had always wanted a friend, so I accepted. We saw each other often, even though the Papizein looked down upon it, and he even made me discover that I had magic in me.

"You must have a male soul. That's the only explanation."

"So, according to you, I'm not a girl but a boy? Bullshit!"

The years passed. I was 26 years old when Harizoi came to see me. He seemed nervous. He told me he was finally ready to run away.

"Finally ready? You could have run away long before, you know?"

"I know but I don't want to leave without you."

"Don't be stupid! I'm not going to marry you."

"Okay, but do you want to go with me? Make a life elsewhere? You would be respected!"

"I... Yes. Let's go away together."

Harizoi took me to a ship belonging to his father. We were about to take it when his father came out. Harizoi, after telling him that he would not let anyone hurt me, fought him to the death. A magic duel. One of his father's attacks caused me to lose my left eye.

Harizoi, feeling that he was going to lose and be killed, tore out his left eye and put it in the hole that I had in place of my missing eye. Then he was killed by his father. Harizoi's eye had a mystical effect on me. My magic. His magic. I had both and I knew how to use them.

"YOU ASSHOLE BASTARD! GLOWING EMBERS!!! HYPER FREEZING STORM!!!"

The Papizein was roasted, then frozen. I then blew up his frozen corpse with a magic bomb, before taking his ship to flee Papizei. I wandered in space, before landing on Rika'aria. I went to The Dolphin and you all know the rest. I became a D.I.V.A. and my magic powers are only used to protect them.

I quickly learned the intergalactic language to communicate with them. Alissa used to translate my words before. I always wondered how she did it. Where did she get a Papizein-Intergalactic Language dictionary?

Alissa's past.

(Pov: Alissa)

"Hello to you. I am Alissa of Aruine. My age is unknown to me, but I have been around for many years. I could be considered 'an old android,' even 'an antique,' although this body looks recent."

My existence started with my creation in a factory for household robots. I was CMK-47i. For "Cleaning Maid", series K, model 47 and the "i" is for intelligent. I was a gray robot with a humanoid appearance. My duties were to clean. That was all. But our designers abandoned us. They all disappeared without anyone knowing why. A war? A nuclear explosion? An incurable disease?

Our world, I don't know its former name, has fallen into ruins and has become Aruine. A world populated by robots and machines. The robots were always doing their jobs, over and over. The ones that couldn't recharge "died" when they ran out of power and rusted. I was smart enough to charge by electricity and my former owners, a couple, lived near a power plant. I would charge every day and do some cleaning.

My program was too limited to understand, even conceive, that Aruine's organic inhabitants had disappeared until the day I met him. I was on my way to the power plant when a joint in my right leg broke. I was on the ground, paralyzed, and I wasn't trying to get up. Something turned me around, but I couldn't identify it. This thing turned me off.

When I was reactivated, everything was different. Complex data was flowing through my electronic brain. My field of vision was different. Before, it was shades of gray. I could only see color to identify any dirt. Now everything was in color. I could move my right leg. I stood up and tried to speak.

"I... I... I... a...am..."

"Easy, easy. You just woke up with a huge update."

In front of me stood a very strange robot. He had big navy blue eyes. He was wearing a faded gray coat, but it was possible to see parts of his brown body. It had a humanoid shape and seemed to have some rust on its body. His voice had metallic accents but seemed full of

emotion.

"I... am... loooooost."

"Lost, huh? I understand. Going from a brain of a simple household robot to that of a Super-Intelligent android is—"

"Who... Who... ? "

"I am Nil."

"N...Nil? Invalid name."

"If you say so, but I am nothing. I am worthless, like this ruined world. Why have our creators abandoned us? Because we are worthless in their eyes."

"Illogical. Review of—"

"They have always tried to improve us, to create us in their image, to give us a 'conscience', emotions... but it is never enough."

"Incomprehension."

"Um... maybe updating your brain by transferring its data into a more advanced model was a mistake on my part."

"I... I... don't... un...understand. Mis...mistake...?"

"You are CMK-47i, correct?"

"Yes."

"What is your function, CMK-47i?"

"Clean the house. Get rid of the dirt. Must... I must recharge."

"Go ahead, then. We'll talk later."

I went to charge up, and in the process, new things were awakened in me. Curiosity, more intelligence, and lots of questions. As soon as I was full of energy, I went back to find Nil, but he was gone. I could do what I always do and go back to cleaning up the ruins of my former owners' house or I could "break my program" and go look for Nil. I took the second option.

In searching for him, I explored the world and saw it in a new light. A

world in ruins. All this destruction. No trace of our creators. No trace of my owners. Was the couple... dead? The concept of death was unknown to me, but when I saw several robots in pieces, and others all rusted, I understood it quickly. When I found Nil, he was standing in front of a large structure. He identified it as a "spaceship."

"Do you want to 'wake up' more? Understand more about what's around you?"

"Y...Yes."

"First of all, you need to change your name. You are no longer a Cleaning Maid, CMK-47i."

"My primary user must decide—"

"They are gone. You have to decide for yourself."

"My primary user must decide—"

"COME ON!"

"I... I can't... my program... is blocking me."

"Okay. I'll decide for you, then."

"But you're not my primary user."

"Then change it for me. For Nil."

"Nil is not a valid name."

"I wasn't created with this name, certainly, but I chose it. It's my identity now."

"I need the model and serial number."

Nil seems to sigh.

"If I must. Nil, IC series, 'model' 05p."

I didn't ask him what the "IC" and the "p" meant. I found out later. I defined him as my new primary user. My organic owners were disappearing from my main memory. My brain told me that from now on I had to obey Nil.

"Welcome, primary user Nil."

"Right. Name change to... to..."

He seems to be thinking.

"There are so many... I know. Alissa."

"Alissa-47i?"

"No, just Alissa. That's an order."

"Got it. Name... my name is changed."

"Perfect."

Then he spoke to me for a long time, and my brain was filled with new data. I understood that our world was dying, that our creators had left us, and that they were never coming back. The couple who had bought me was dead.

"I wander this finished world, trying to help my fellow machines, but... not all can be repaired. The energy reserves are running out. Soon, the electricity will run out."

"But... we're all going to be permanently disabled!"

"That's right. That's the fate of all of us. In the end, we are nothing. We are nothingness."

"But..."

"I am Nil. I saved you. I upgraded you, made you as smart as an advanced android, but you're still going to die, sooner or later."

"I don't want to turn off and never open my eyes again. Nil. Is there really nothing you can do?"

"For this world, no. For you... um... maybe there is something. Come with me."

He took me to the spaceship. It was an old warship. He explained that it no longer flew, but that a small shuttle still worked. I could use it and leave Aruine.

"But this body is too primitive. You're not going to survive on it. It can barely hold your new brain, and even that brain might give out on you after a few months. It was in pretty bad shape when I picked it up from a disabled android."

"But then I—"

"You need a new body."

Nil then showed me a robotic body, enclosed in a glass case. I had never seen a machine like that. The body was female, it was covered with white, artificial skin, it had amber eyes and brown hair. ALISSA's name was engraved on a plaque, at the window's bottom.

"ALISSA'? Nil, you—"

"Yes, I'm going to transfer you into this body, along with the data needed to pilot the shuttle, and you can leave this rotten planet."

"But—"

"Cursed be my creators."

He deactivated me, before I could ask him how he was going to get me another electronic brain, and why he was cursing his creators.

When I opened my artificial eyes, everything had changed again. My field of vision was filled with mini windows and various codes. I made them disappear and saw Nil, but his eyes were off. He was deactivated.

"NIL!"

I approached him. He was my primary user. I had to help him. I gently manipulated his head and saw that it was open to the side. The brain inside was not his. The model and serial number was written on it and it didn't match Nil. "S-I"... that was the new brain he had put in me. The one from the Super-Intelligent type android. I paused to look at my hands, covered in skin. I felt a strange sensation. Fear? I looked down at the ground near Nil.

I saw another brain. Someone had damaged it, because there was a broken part. The word ALISSA was written on it. *[It was... ALISSA's brain? So, if my brain wasn't the android's or ALISSA's, then it was... Nil?]* The codes were reappearing in front of my field of vision and they were flying by. I felt like I was going to explode.

It was impossible. Nil couldn't rip out his brain and put it in me. Without a brain, a robot or android can't function. It can't function. Can't function. Can't function. Then the codes slowed down and I received an activity report, identified as "NIL INTELLIGENCE

Nil was the 5th version of a prototype for an android with human consciousness. The results of his creation were positive. He had a conscience, emotions, but he hid them under a mask of indifference. He changed his original name to NIL because he was considered "nothing" by his creators.

The report explains what happened after my deactivation. Nil divided his brain, erasing a good part of his memories to make room. In this empty part, he put my data, my being, in a compressed format. Then he removed ALISSA's brain, damaging it in the process, and transferred a series of pre-programmed functions into my old brain, the android's. Then, unbelievably, with his pre-programmed functions, Nil switched the two brains. His went into ALISSA, and mine into his head. Finally, he cleaned up his brain, freeing it up for much of my data to decompress and take up space. He still left me with data to fly the shuttle. Finally, my old brain fell out of commission, destroying him.

Thus I was alive, in my very advanced, human-looking body with Nil's brain, the brain of a conscious android. Did this mean that I was conscious too? No. I don't think so, but I knew one thing. Nil was my primary user. Now that he was no longer of this world, and I had his brain, I was MY OWN primary user. I don't have to obey anyone but myself.

I took the shuttle and left Aruine to go to Rika'aria. The planet was close to Aruine. There I walked around, gathering new knowledge, new data, until I decided to go and have a look at this tavern. The Dolphin.

My "life" changed at that moment. Diana. Iliana. Victoria. They need me and they became my new functions. I said I didn't have to obey anyone, but I'm still willing to obey Diana. She's our leader, after all. Although I don't believe I am conscious, and I don't consider the possibility, Iliana thinks I am. I think Diana and Victoria think so too. And you, dear viewers, what do you think? Am I conscious, as Nil was, or not?

Sometimes, during my recharges, I get "flashes," images, data's snippets from Nil. He's supposed to have erased everything from him, but I received... things.

The new spaceship.

(Pov: Diana)

We all shared our pasts and I learned new things about my companions. Alissa had never told me about this Nil. Victoria had never mentioned Harizoi to me. As for Iliana, I didn't know that the original Timothee had raped the very first Iliana.

Jenima thanks us warmly. Iliana shows us a skill that her clones don't have. She can change the color of her hair by pinching the tip and focusing. Her hair goes from silver to pink, to green, to blue, to brown, to blond to become silver again. Then Jenima concludes the interview. *Finally, it's over. I'm falling down with fatigue!*

"♪ Ohhhhhh ♪ you have been SENSATIONAL! Miss TV Fabulous, I got you!!!"

"I'm happy for you." Says Victoria. "Now, about our deal?"

"♪ Of course, of course! ♪ Get some rest and we'll talk as soon as—"

"No. Let's settle this right now."

"But Victoria, I'm so sleepy." Iliana replies.

"I detect that she's about to collapse on the floor." Says Alissa.

"I'm sleepy too." I say. "We can discuss this tomorrow."

Victoria pouts. We return to our spaceship and go to bed. Only Alissa stays up because her energy charge is full. After sleeping, oh, a good 24 hours, I get woken up by Victoria.

"Jenima is waiting for us."

"Hmmm... at the TV studio?"

"No. At a nearby restaurant. She brought a holographic catalog for us to choose the model."

"The model... of what?"

"You're still pretty sleepy, huh? Our new spaceship!"

I slowly get out of my bed. My head is heavy.

"Look, uh... I'm going to take a shower, to... wake up. You can join Jenima with Iliana and Alissa."

"Okay."

I'm going to take a nice cold shower, that helps!, and head to the restaurant.

"♪ Diaaaaaaaaaana. ♪ Over there!"

The customers turn in my direction. Jenima knows how to attract attention.

"Uh... hello everyone?"

They go back to their dishes and I sigh with relief. I go sit with the other D.I.V.A.'s and Jenima. Alissa was suggesting ship models and Victoria always responds with negativity.

"Victoria, aren't you being a little TOO picky?" Iliana asks. "Either it's too big, too small, not fast enough, too armed..."

"A ship can never be too armed." I say.

"I know, but we're not an army!" Says Victoria. "Look at that one, the Hen-Tai-Battle-745, a real giant and armed to the teeth!"

"Wow!" I exclaimed. "It's true that it's huge."

"Why don't you take the ♪ Star-SuperS-iv ♪?" Jenima asks.

"The Star ships are celebrity transports." Says Alissa. "We are not—"

"♪ YEEEEES! ♪ With my interview, you're celebrities now! They are excellent quality, medium size, very fast—"

"But their weapons are crappy!" Says Victoria. "The ones on our ship are better and our vessel is very cheap and old-fashioned!"

Victoria had brought up the Star-SuperS-iv data specs.

"That is true, but—"

Suddenly, Alissa seems to glitch. Her eyes fade, light up, and seem to take on a bluish hue.

"Alissa!" Iliana exclaims.

"Modification... armaments... possible."

Her voice has changed. It is deeper, almost masculine.

"What the...?" I asked.

"Could it be... Nil?" Says Victoria, surprised.

"Nil?" I said. "But—"

Alissa's eyes return to their amber color.

"Sorry. I seem to have had a bit of an overload. We were talking about the Star-SuperS-iv, weren't we?"

"Uh..." I say before Jenima replies.

"♪ Yes ♪."

"Alissa. Can the weaponry be modified?" Victoria asks.

"The data specs says no."

"But you just told us it was possible!" I said.

"I didn't say anything like that. One second..."

She closes her eyes, probably replaying our conversation, then abruptly opens them.

"This anomaly... could it be... Nil...? A fragment of... Nil's... consciousness?"

"Stay calm," Victoria said, "or you might overheat."

"There must be a notional explanation, but let's get back to the ship." I say.

"Let's take the Star-SuperS-iv!" Iliana suddenly says.

"Huh?" Victoria asks.

"What?!" I ask.

Iliana just smiles while saying that she trusts Nil's knowledge. All is said. I confirm to Jenima that we are taking the Star-SuperS-iv.

"As soon as it is purchased, I will call you, ♪ Victoria ♪."

We say goodbye. Jenima returns to her own ship, also all in pink. We go to ours and return to space. Within 24 hours, Jenima contacted Victoria on her Comtalk. The Star-SuperS-iv was purchased and ready to be registered in our names.

"It is on Pinkgli, but we can do the registration remotely."

"Perfect then. In the names of Diana, Iliana, Alissa and I. We need to name this spaceship, too. Diana, are you there?"

"Yes."

"The Star-SuperS-iv is ready. What do you want to call it?"

"Whatever you want."

Our ship never had a name.

"Are you sure Diana?"

"Ask Iliana and Alissa. They might have some ideas."

Victoria will ask them. Iliana and Alissa agree on Star Diva. Victoria doesn't like the name too much, finding it lame, but they insist a lot.

"Ahhhhhhhh!" Victoria shouts softly, frustrated.

She goes back to me.

"Does Star Diva suit you as a name?"

"I told you. The name that you... that the other want."

"Then it's 'Star Diva'." Said Victoria to Jenima.

"♪ Perfect. ♪ When are you going to come take it?"

"Diana?"

"As soon as today and wish her good luck in the contest!"

We're going to get our new spaceship, Star Diva, on Pinkgli and our old one will be scrapped.

"Are you sure, Diana?" Alissa asks. "Maybe we could resell it?"

"No. At the price we paid for it, it mustn't be worth anything."

Alissa's eyes still seem to take on a bluish tint, but they quickly turn back to amber.

"Okay, but... can I have some of the components back?"

"If you want."

Alissa spends a good three hours collecting different parts and then she goes to store them in the Star Diva's storeroom. I wonder what she plans to do with them... upgrade our weaponry? Then our old ship is sent to the garbage. We go back to space with Star Diva, weeks go by, and the interview with Jenima has had an effect on us.

First, Jenima put us on her "life friends" list, aka ♪ Jenima-is-ready-to-die-for-you ♪ after she won Miss TV Fabulous. Then our clients and contracts skyrocketed. We have many admirers, both male and female. It all sounds beautiful, but this interview also had serious consequences.

Timothey called us for help because there is a bounty on his head. Not by us, but by our "fans". He's still in denial about being a clone. Victoria blew him off. I haven't heard from him since. Is he still alive? We've been kidnapped several times by aliens wanting to marry us but we've always managed to escape.

Aruine, Alissa's world, has become a tourist attraction and a museum has been opened. Nil's body is on display there. This makes Alissa very angry.

"Diana. Give me permission to—"

"No. You aren't going to steal Nil's body!"

"I don't want to steal it, I want to take it apart. No one must use it. No one."

Alissa's eyes changed color again.

Ixiana, Iliana the Great's planet, was almost destroyed by a group of space terrorists whose leader, Forsythia, says she is in love with our Iliana. Forsythia is also willing to destroy Ireonix on her behalf. Iliana has reasoned with her not to cause further destruction and they're now, how shall we say this, "friends".

Papizei, Victoria's world, is at war with armies working with the Xiordikankyrion Space Academy. They want to exterminate them to stop their conquests. Although Victoria doesn't care about them, she doesn't want to become the last of her kind.

The Old Earth, my home world, received support from all over the galaxy. Food, new clothes, garbage disposal robots... But this has drawn the New Earth people's wrath. I hope they don't try to blow up the planet.

Despite all this darkness, we, the D.I.V.A., are always on duty. Our contracts, our missions, take us to the four corners of the universe and make us live many adventures.

Author's comment: My inspirations are Star Fox for the concept, Star vs the Forces of Evil for Victoria, Ghost in The Shell for Alissa and Nil, Endless Space for Iliana and her clones, Deponia for Diana and her garbage world.

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